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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

When comes at last my destined hour to die—
  When here entranced I may no longer stay
  To mingle in the wonders of the day—
To wander hill and sea and watch the sky—
I know my dust will most serenely lie:
  For confidence is mine in Nature's way;
  I know her summons never can betray;
Her magic touch holds naught to terrify.

If it were good to come—to learn of life—
  No less it must be good to go—to learn
    What strength and mystery reside in death.
I here have known the full of joy and strife,
  And smiled throughout; and at the highway's turn
    No whit less royally I yield my breath.

JAMES H. WEST.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 403
"A Faithless Minister" 405
The Grandest Thing—*Jean Blewett* 405
What Kind of a President Would Washington Make Today?—Edwin D. Mead 405

THE PULPIT—
It Pays—Rev. J. Leonard Levy 407

CORRESPONDENCE—C. R. B. 410
E. N. Murray 410
Work-a-Day Faith—*Frederick Langbridge* 410
Books Received 410

THE WATCH TOWER—P. S. W. 411

Fate?—ALTHEA A. OGDEN 411
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION 412
UNITY'S Thirtieth Regiment 412
Jim and the Universe—*Sam Walter Foss* 412
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 413

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

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DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humane, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908 | NUMBER 26

'Tis not Thy terrors, Lord, Thy dreadful frown
Which keeps my steps in duty's narrow path:
'Tis not the awful thret'nings of Thy wrath:
But that in Virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light.
In all its prodigality is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head;
And Thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy, as the thankless. All is well:
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given:
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven?
'Tis vain to murmur, daring to rebel.
Lord, I would fear Thee, tho' I feared not hell,
And love Thee, though I had no hopes of heaven.
—*Teresa de Avila* (*a Spanish Catholic Saint*), 1515-1582.

"I would not like to have him against me if I were in the wrong" was the comment of an observing man who heard Governor Hughes in one of his three Washington Birthday addresses in Chicago last week.

The Catholic Church, in its tilt against "modernism," builded once more wiser than it knew. So much of modernism as is the result of scientific investigation and the growth of scholarship has come to stay, and an attempt to suppress it will only hasten the investigation which will modernize even the church that sets its face against modernism.

"The Homeless Child and the Childless Home" is receiving fresh discussion at the hand of the *Delineator,* and *Charities* speaks discriminatingly and encouragingly of the agitation. Much has been done and much more can be done in this direction with present methods, but the homeless child will never find his open road into the childless home until the instrumentalities of the state that now precipitate the waifs into institutions will be shaped so that the first search of the state will be for the home; or, in other words, not until the money that is now being spent in the establishment and maintenance of institutions will be spent in the maintenance of children in private homes while they are being tested and adjusted for the permanent home which will bless both child and foster parent.

The United States ought to have a hearty welcome for Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who is to arrive next month and be the guest of her niece, Mrs. Whitridge, of New York, a daughter of Matthew Arnold. When Stopford Brooke, pastor of Matthew Arnold, found it necessary, for conscience's sake, to sever connection with the Episcopal Church and identify himself with the Unitarians of England, Matthew Arnold, whose writings did so much to break up the old theology, stayed behind. But the niece, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, finding herself in a similar predicament, took the other course and sought and found fellowship with the Unitarians. It is hard to tell which was the more potent liberal book in its day, Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma,* or Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere,* but both made for the open mind without abandoning the devout spirit or the grateful heart.

The *American Magazine* for March has an array of compelling articles. Miss Tarbell answers the question, "How about Hughes?" Ray Stannard Baker has another of his frank, revealing articles on the colored question; this one concerns itself with "The Negro's Struggle for Survival in the North." It is illustrated and tells the interesting story of the battle that is waged with them as well as by them for fair play. Among those who are fighting the battle with them is seen the face of Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley of Chicago, the head resident of the Frederick Douglass Centre, while Lincoln Steffins tells the story of W. S. U'Ren, the Legislative Blacksmith of Oregon, and Peter Dunne's "In the Interpreter's House" displays his insight and skill of statement concerning questions of finance. In this article, without Mr. Dooley's dialect, we have Mr. Dooley's wisdom. Here's a sample nugget:

"To tell the truth, there have been more 'captains of industry' and 'financial giants' around for the last few years than the country could easily support. They thought they were working, no doubt. They were very intent on the tape, and when they drove down-town in their motor cars to attend their office hours 'between twelve and one every other Tuesday,' no doubt it appeared to them, as they lordly ordered about the first assistant to the president, that their profound brains were directing the finances of the world. But as a matter of fact, their great business in life was gambling in prospects, and their hopes and the fever of high play outran all their knowledge of the ups and downs of the game. Merely to watch the endless stream of carriages in Fifth avenue and the crowds of men lunching at the fashionable restaurants was enough to make one wonder who was doing the work of the world. And attending the plungers and gamblers were thousands of non-producers, spenders and wasters who could not even give the excuse of stock speculation for their existence in a working world. The suffering of these people was really acute. They had made money their god, then they had been lazily unobservant of the moods of this divinity, and their god had gone back on them."

An interesting experiment was tried recently by the Sunday school of All Souls' Church and the workers of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. A five-cent theatre, a moving picture show, is in full blast. The low

standards and the consequence pernicious influence of these shows is much exploited in the city. Their power for mischief is great and doubtless the management finds it very profitable to be bad. But the scientific achievements, the mechanical ingenuity and the scenic excellence achieved by the simetograph is simply marvelous and is irresistible. It has come to stay; it must stay. Its educational value and power of giving innocent amusement is limitless. And so the friends indicated above hired the service of an admirable triple film series, illustrating the gospel story. It was, in short, a Passion Play, enacted before the eye. The slides, of Parisian manufacture, in the main were true in costume, movement and features to that which art, historical research and the interpretation of the New Testament text has arrived at as an approximation to the life. The management of the theatre cordially reciprocated and generously donated their apparatus and corps of attendants. The "theatre" was clean, it being on the ground floor and exits abundant, the maximum of safety was insured, and the Sunday school and their friends came on a Saturday afternoon, brought their dimes, filled the auditorium to the extent of two hundred; the minister of All Souls' Church acted, so far as it was necessary, the role of showman, and the silent, impressive drama passed in review. Why should not this thing be done more often? There are clusters of churches scattered in the cities and small towns which if they combined could "criticise by creation," see to it that an ever ennobling supply of slides would be in demand so that what threatens to be a menace to the moral nature of boys and girls might become a happy parent's assistant, an instrument in the hands of the teacher and the preacher to be used for the uplifting of the same children. Let others go and do likewise, and much better.

"A Faithless Minister"

When we used this phrase in connection with a correspondent who, after complimenting UNITY and the present management, disparages the attempt to continue it on the score that its message and mission are too much identified with the Senior Editor to be perpetuated when he is gone, we did not mean to characterize him as being unfaithful. But it is significant that the three or four, and no more, correspondents who have discouraged the project on this same principle, have been ministers of religion. Another minister writes:

"I cannot see the project in the light you do. If it were a question of endowing you I would pay for longer life for you; any price that I could possibly scrape together; and so would all your friends. But UNITY without you would seem to me something so distinct from the paper as it has always been that I could not pledge myself in advance to take any interest whatever in it."

All this seems to us to be a sad manifestation of lack of faith in most vital things. The true student of religious progress and ethical movements is encouraged by all history to believe that, while men are mortal, principles are deathless, and that causes worthy of confidence are splendidly independent of personalities. Babylon triumphed over Israel, Jeremiah was put into a well and otherwise maltreated, and in the fulness of time he died, no one knows how or where, but Babylon proved to be the cradle of the larger Judaism. Out of it came its noblest Scriptures. Jesus was crucified and the disciples thought it was all over with, but Christianity began to be. Luther died, perhaps disheartened about the Reformation, but it waxed strong in his death. If ever a man seemed necessary to the movement, John Wesley was such to Methodism, but his death proved its inspiration. There are thousands now living who remember how Theodore Parker's work and movement were disparaged because they were so personal. "When he is dead," men said, "what will become of it?" The same was said concerning the work of Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and many more. If "Freedom, Fellowship and Character" in religion have no potency in the world, aside from the idiosyncrasies of some man or body of men that may delight in them in some out-of-the-way corner of the world, if the ethical foundations for religious organism and fellowship are only the whims or the peculiarities of the men who have tried to build on the same, if the movement for an undogmatic religion, an interdenominational fellowship and inter-racial comradeship have no vitality or virility aside from their champions at any given time, then indeed let UNITY die; perhaps it has lived too long.

Another brother, with more courage, writes us:

"I know well the danger of tying up endowments to any fixed future uses, especially any theological ones. yet I am in thorough sympathy with the undenominational work UNITY is now doing, especially with its stand for temperance, anti-imperialism, political purity, equal sex rights, for the negro, for peace, for the fellowship of all religions, and for the reforms generally of our time. But many of these in the next thirty, forty, fifty years will be greatly changed; victorious, I hope. 'Time makes ancient good uncouth,' etc. The present editorial staff of UNITY will have gone through the great change. What is then to be its work, what its attitudes on the great issues before the public? Without attempting to tie it up too strictly to the future, you are wise in making provision that the income of this thirty thousand dollars shall be used on these lines. Issues change, but principles are eternal. Some of us small subscribers, even, would like to be sure that UNITY thirty, fifty, one hundred years from now will stand for the essential principles that have been so valiantly championed by it thus far. We will not bind it 'to tempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key,' but will trust that it will use the diviner key, untouched with blood, that belongs to no one age, for unlocking the new problems which each new age is certain to meet."

If any man's work was summarily interfered with and violently suppressed, it was that of Abraham Lincoln. But because he stood for democracy, the people's rights, justice and equality to the poor and downtrodden, he could not be suppressed. And the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, whose destinies are to be entrusted to a board of men and women commissioned to perpetuate itself on high lines, is probably as safe a custodian of trust funds for progressive work in religion and civic righteousness as could be devised. Anyhow we are glad so many of our readers share

our faith in the immortality of the cause UNITY represents and the deathlessness of the quest for liberty and justice. It is because we believe that the future will have issues and high problems to solve that we are anxious, not simply to perpetuate the advocacy which UNITY represents, but to make it a little easier for those who come after us to save the future editors from the cruel waste of vitality, the sleepless hours of anxiety concerning the money problems, the mere material wherewith to pay printers and to settle paper bills.

We are going right ahead notwithstanding the over-kindly faithlessness of these preacher brethren. We do it knowing the mortality of the Senior Editor, who gives notice, if it is necessary, to the members of the Thirtieth Regiment of the UNITY GUARD, present and prospective, that he is going to die and, with their consent, he is going to make his death of as little moment to the cause he and they cherish as possible. Was it not something like this that Peter had in mind in his temple speech, recorded in the third chapter of Acts, when he puts into the mouth of Moses the saying:

"A prophet shall the Lord God raise up unto you from among your brethren, like unto me; to him shall ye hearken in all things whatsoever he shall speak unto you."

The resources of the Almighty are not exhausted. The Bank of Progress is not broken. The things that will stop with the death of the Senior Editor of UNITY are not worth much and had better stop, but the things that are worth while are going on and, dead or alive, here or there, now or then, we are going to work continuously for them.

Watch the recruiting roll! Get into the ranks as soon as you can! Company "A" will soon be filled. Companies "I" and "K," the last two in the regiment, are already promised by the Old Guard. It takes three thousand to equip a company. If you cannot aspire to the rank of a captain, go and round up a corporal's guard or a sergeant's platoon! The bugle is sounded; fall in! Let no one be scared by the faithless. This is a bloodless war. The battalions are marshalling in the interests of life and not of death. The hospital corps and the burial squad are dispensed with.

"The Grandest Thing"

What is the grandest thing of all?
The work that awaits each day,
The work that calls us on every hand
Is the work that for us is truly grand,
And the love of work is our pay.

What is the highest life of all?
'Tis living day by day
True to ourselves and true to the right;
Standing for truth from dawn till night;
And the love of truth is our pay.

What is the grandest thing of all?
Is it winning heaven some day?
No, and a thousand times say no;
'Tis making this old world thrill and glow
With the light of love, till each shall know
Something of heaven here below,
And God's "Well done," for our pay.

—*Jean Blewett.*

What Kind of President Would Washington Make Today?

Prophet of Progress and Peace

The question as to what kind of a president George Washington would make today is prompted, I am sure, by the recent remark of somebody, circulated widely in the newspapers, to the effect that Washington and Lincoln were very well for the smaller republic and the simple problems with which they had to deal, but that they had not the caliber to cope like Theodore Roosevelt with the larger and complexer demands of this more exacting time.

The remark is a curious illustration of the lack of perspective in estimates of historical and contemporary men. Most men will tell you that the moon looks as large as a dinner plate or a cart wheel; as matter of fact, a nickel or a cent held at arm's length will cover up the moon or the sun—and 50 per cent men or 5 per cent men constantly fill a bigger place in most contemporary eyes than the suns and giants of history. Titian couldn't do—it is doubtless true—what Whistler did; and the last photograph of Mars, with his fine machine, eclipses Copernicus and Kepler. Admiral Dewey, for sinking a few old Spanish ships in Manila harbor, is acclaimed by such triumphs in New York and Washington and Boston as Julius Cæsar hardly saw in Rome—with as much reason, and as little, as was shown by the same mob six weeks later when the same estimable man exercised the same right with other men of having the deed of his home put in his wife's name. An effusive and ostentatious generation builds a quarter-million-dollar monument to William McKinley at Canton, Ohio, and some of the Boston subscribers would make our new bridge to Cambridge an extra monument—McKinley bridge—with no suggestion of Adams bridge or any thought of the two great Massachusetts presidents, so closely associated with Boston and Cambridge, such incomparably greater men than William McKinley, who lie in Quincy in their unmonumented graves.

I certainly would not imply that President Roosevelt is not a greater man than President McKinley. He is an incomparably greater man—the most impressive personality and, with the possible exception of Grover Cleveland, and with reservations for his most mischievous big navy craze, the greatest force for good that we have seen in the presidential chair since Lincoln. By his magnificent fight against the special tyranny and corruption which menace the republic in this time—never better illustrated than in his recent rousing sermon—he has richly earned his great popularity. In some respects the future will look back to him as we look back to Andrew Jackson. But to mention him in the same category with Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, our three presidents of a really supreme order of mind, is to take leave of one's senses.

George Washington was one of the greatest men in all history. The consensus of the best thinkers of subsequent times in all lands is not in this mistaken; and the man who does not know it is the man who does not know his work and writings. His problem was a vastly greater, complexer and more difficult one than that which confronts his successors today; and if, with his mighty character and abilities, enriched and strengthened by the education which today gives to those of his wealth and social station, he had come to the presidency of the United States half a dozen years ago, or much more in 1897, the United States would indeed have had reason to thank God today for the

follies and shames from which it would have been saved.

This doesn't mean that Washington, with his consummate prudence and common sense, was a "little American." Freeman, the English historian, once gave an address upon Washington as "the expander of England"—because with drastic power he taught England the necessity of treating her colonies justly if she hoped to hold them and expand her empire. He was still more truly the expander of America. No other man of his time had such imagination or worked so sagaciously for the growth and great future of the republic.

Take one illustration. When the war of the revolution was over and the independence of the United States was secure, the mind of Washington turned immediately to the great west. Before the revolution, indeed, his mind had turned to the west and the question of its development and its relation to the east more seriously than that of any other man in America. At the time of the outbreak of the war no other man in America controlled so much land west of the Ohio as he. The moment that the war was ended, even before the terms of peace with England had been definitely arranged, his interest came back to this commanding subject of the west. He knew now, as he had known when, years before the revolution, he had written of channels for "the trade of a rising empire," that the great question for America was the opening of the west and the binding of the east and west together; and he knew that it was a far greater question now than then.

He left his camp at Newburg on the Hudson, and made on horseback an exploring expedition of three weeks through the state of New York. He proceeded up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, surveyed the water communication with Ontario, and then traversed the country to the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, considering the subject of the best lines of communication with the west. "Prompted by these actual observations," he wrote to the marquis of Chastellux, "I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt his favors to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them! I shall not rest contented until I have explored the western country and traversed those lines, or a great part of them, which have given bounds of a new empire." "The honor, power and true interests of this country," he wrote at the same time to Lafayette, impatient with the petty jealousies and ambitions of the states, "must be measured on a continental scale."

A year later came his explorations beyond the Alleghanies, followed by the organization of the Potomac company to open lines of communication between the east and the west, and all his efforts for the settlement of the west by the best kind of men. Here, in the midst of all manner of narrowness and sectional obstructions, was an American who calculated his politics on a continental scale—the most far-seeing, prophetic, practical and constructive man of that heroic and critical period. Do not a score of great illustrations of it leap to the mind? Why multiply them?

Washington, so careful in his day to keep the young republic within the safest bounds, would tell the republic today that it is no longer boy, but man. While he was yet with us he foresaw the time "when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in consultations held by foreign states for the advantage of the nations;" and if he were president today he would be the leader of the world in the work for the better order and organization of the family of nations.

When we ask what kind of a president Washington would be, one clear answer is that he would be the champion of the world's peace, and would be in nothing else so inflexible as in his effort to keep this republic clear from the hoary old militarism of Europe and the past. Our present naval melodrama; the call of the president of this republic this year for four new $10,000,000 battleships with $20,000,000 worth of appurtenances, at a time when we haven't an enemy in the world and are in no danger of any if we mind our own business and treat other people with respect; the fact that our wild naval orgy is being used by other nations as an argument for adding to their own burdens; the fact that we are spending two-thirds of our entire national revenue at this moment in caring for past and imaginary future wars, with a bare third left for constructive purposes—George Washington, if he could today take the place of president of the United States for a week, would tell the American people in tones that they would understand that all this is the description of a republic standing on its head.

"It is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end," we hear his strong words sounding down the century, "and for the humanizing benefits of commerce and agriculture to supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest. Overgrown military establishments are inauspicious to liberty, and particularly hostile to republican liberty. Men should be employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing and exercising implements for the destruction of mankind. My first wish is to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind. Let us guard against those acts of our own citizens which tend to disturb peace with other nations."

What kind of a president would George Washington make today? A president who, with the same high dignity, inflexible justice and commanding power as in 1789 would speak the strong, simple words and exercise the potent influence day by day which would compel in every class respect for law and respect for men, which would stop strife, shame greed and graft, inspire the loftiest American ambitions, and keep the republic which he founded true to itself and to the world. He would set the nation in his great way the contagious example of "plain devotedness to duty." The noblest canto in our noblest ode on Washington is that which pays tribute to that high quality.

> The longer on this earth we live
> And weigh the various qualities of men,
> The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
> Of plain devotedness to duty;
> Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
> But finding amplest recompense
> For life's ungarlanded expense
> In work done squarely and unwasted days.

Is America poor in men of this primal Washington quality today? Thank God she is rich. The name of one of them is Charles E. Hughes.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

> "'Tis very good for strength
> To know that some one needs you to be strong."

THE PULPIT

It Pays

FROM A SERMON BY REV. J. LEONARD LEVY, OF PITTSBURG, PA.

* * * * * *

Society is under the thraldom of a modern idol, the worship of a modern trinity, not theological, but commercial; and this trinity takes the form of gold and silver and copper. Before this great god, Mammon, men bow down in reverence. Money has come into the Pantheon of modern deities. For money, men wreck the circles of their homes and the brightness of their hearths and the sweetness of their lives. For money, and the power that money brings, men toil and slave and rush without giving time to the due development of their mental or moral make-up. The shabbiest god and the shabbiest religion that man ever followed was the gospel whose ideal is the god Mammon.

The ages in which money is god and in which the threefold trinity, gold, silver and copper, is worshiped, must necessarily be epochs in which materialism becomes rife and anarchism and atheism rampant. In such an age it is not virtue that is appreciated, but success; it is not right-doing that is recognized, but results; it is not the man, but the money, that counts; it is not a man's worthiness, but a man's financial worth, that becomes appreciated and applauded.

America today—I am not speaking of any one city, or state, or section—America, perhaps the whole world for all I know, has seemingly gone insane on this subject. Just as in the age of the crusades men went wild and left a track of blood on their way to seize the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, so today in the track and path of many who have set their hearts upon building up fortunes we find the sobs of widows, the blood of men and the tears of orphans. The age is materialistic; it has lost faith, apparently, in high ideals. It refuses to turn to God. We hear on all sides of desertions from the churches. The ethical movements throughout the country lack the support of the many. Materialism runs riot. Men believe in this world, and only this.

The prudential and popular philosophy of materialism has seized their minds and closed the doors of their souls. The popular cry is, "Man lives but a little time; he is a long time dead; therefore, enjoy while you can." There is no more disappointing literature ever written by man than the literature which approves unrestrained pleasure. From the time of Anacreon until the time of Moore, until the days that Omar Khayyam became popular, there is nothing more saddening than the advice given to mere pleasure-seekers: "Enjoy while you can; make the best of today; eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you are dead, and you are dead for a long time." Are you sure that you are dead for a long time? You cannot be certain! "Conscience makes cowards of us all," says Hamlet in his famous soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." We do not know; and even if our bodies be dead for a long time, it is not a sweet thing to realize before the body is dead that "the name of the wicked shall rot," and that after we are gone men shall use us as horrible examples, portraying the results of materialism. Tennyson very truly says that a half-lie is much harder to fight than a whole lie, for the whole lie you can trace and meet and beat, but the half-lie is a very difficult thing to overcome. And this prudential philosophy of the twentieth century is a half-lie, not a whole one. It is not a whole lie that men should enjoy while they can; but it is not true to say that life should be given over to enjoyment without duly qualifying the statement.

The same is true of the popular phrases that run hither and thither among men. You hear men advise their sons, saying, "My boy, always be honest; honesty is the best policy." Whenever I hear a man tell his son "Honesty is the best policy," I think I hear him say that the boy should not steal because he might get into the hands of the sheriff. "Honesty is the best policy" is the advice of the man who is not fit to be the father of a boy. The duty to be honest is a matter of principle. There is no such thing as policy when it comes to dealing with the eternal principles of right and wrong. We err egregiously when we teach our young to hedge and trim and act with policy in the presence of the grave questions that affect the progress of the human race.

And so it is with regard to the words, "it pays." There never was a more damnable philosophy suggested to man than that expressed by these two words, "it pays." Men follow what they believe to be right, as a general rule; but when a man conceives the idea that he should follow only what pays the chances are that he will do everything except that which he knows must land him behind prison bars. There is perhaps no phrase in all the popular philosophy that has led to graver sins than the words, "it pays." It sanctifies everything; it sanctions every act which is not an open infringement of the statutory law. There is nothing in all the realms of daily experience that is not affected by the philosophy of "it pays." Let us consider for a moment a few of the various directions in which we see this philosophy of materialism operating.

Let us consider the merchant. The merchant is an honorable man and follows a calling helpful to any community. He is one of the highest aids to productive labor. In the exchange of commodities, whatever be his particular sphere of activity, he administers to the public good whenever he is honest. The merchant has to face issues, and he must travel the long and sinuous paths of growth in order to succeed, or he resigns himself to that which pays quickly. To the merchant who determines to follow only that which pays everything becomes sanctioned in course of time. It is this type of merchant who has expressed in loudest tones his disapproval of the policy of the president of the United States.

I am not here to say whether President Roosevelt is right or wrong. But I candidly believe that in the history of the human race there have been very few men who have put forth a more genuine effort in the direction of moral uplift and righteousness than this man, in spite of his so-called impetuosity, and in spite of all the charges that all who are opposed to him bring against him. They disapprove of Mr. Roosevelt not because he is wrong but because he "unsettles commerce," because his method of attack prevents their investments paying. Men invest their funds in large corporations and expect a certain return on their investments; when the President, or any man in power, draws the attention of the general public to the fact that conditions are wrong, and when commerce feels the influence of that attack, the criticism is disapproved.

Railroads, for instance, must earn a certain percentage for their investors. The methods count for nothing with many. Right or wrong, 6 per cent, more or less, is expected by those who invest their money in the railroads. Whether the men who are conducting the business of the corporation stoop to actions which would ordinarily be regarded as totally dishonest matters little to the individual so long as he gets his 6 per cent on his investment. I speak in general terms only and not in reference to particular persons. Now let me illustrate what I mean by a particular example.

We have a friend here this morning with whom I discussed this question. I told him, as an illustration of my meaning, that a man had come to me and offered me a house for a few thousand dollars and guaranteed that I could get 20 per cent on my investment. He further said that he would put up a bond of $100,000, given by a responsible trust company, as security that the investment would pay 20 per cent. My friend said, "Send him around to me; that is the kind of a man I am looking for." I then added, "The property which the man wishes to sell is in a certain unmentionable district and is used for certain immoral purposes." Said my friend, "I wouldn't touch it." As individuals we would not do such things; but we tolerate them, or their like, when corporate bodies do them for us; and we invest with these corporate bodies as a business proposition of which we say, "It pays." Does it really pay?

The same is true in another direction in many of the cities of the United States where men employ the little children to work in the factories, mills and mines. The following statement will be heard with a sense of shame by many tender-hearted parents:

"In the twenty years preceding 1900, while the population of our country increased 50 per cent, the number of boys between the ages of ten and fifteen who were placed in our shops and factories increased 100 per cent, and the number of girls between the same ages and in the same occupations increased 150 per cent. We have all reason to believe the increase since 1900 has been more rapid than before. New York official reports show an increase of 38 per cent between 1898 and 1903. Pennsylvania shows an increase among factory children of 25 per cent in the single year 1904. The boys working in the hard coal breakers of that state under fourteen years of age have been estimated at not less than 12,000, and in the soft coal mines under sixteen years at not less than 10,000, though through defects in the state law none of these facts are officially known. These estimates are a mere guess, and the actual number may be far above or far below these figures. Iowa has increased her army of working children 322 per cent in six years. The census reports of 1900 return 24,000 children in Southern cotton mills. There are estimated today not less than 60,000—many of them eight and nine years old and many of them working twelve hours at night every alternate week."

The reason that these children are employed is that men say child labor pays. The dominating factor in all trade is price. There is no sentiment in coal, collars, trousers, glass or watch-chains. It is price that finally determines sales; and in the competition of ordinary trade it is the man who can buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest who is considered the safe, the sound, the clear-headed merchant. But in order that we may buy in the cheapest market, the manhood of America has to be imperiled by the employment of its children in mines and mills and factories. It pays today, perhaps; it will not pay in ten, twenty or thirty years from now, when these very children will become the dependents whom you, who now buy their products, will have to support by your taxes and from your revenues. If there were no ethical consideration about this matter at all, it appears to me that we should pause before we thwart preventive legislation which seeks to lengthen the period of childhood so that the coming generation may have the opportunity of growing into strong and healthy manhood and womanhood.

A similar policy is pursued by many a man who enters political life, always excepting the noble and honorable exceptions. The politician is not to be a statesman, it is usually held. The statesman is one who sees the right and wrong, and elects to follow the right. The politician is one who instead of becoming the Honorable Mr. So-and-So becomes the dis-Honorable Mr. Straddler, because he chooses the path that pays. It is generally believed that it costs him too much to get his office to be able to spend his time without getting his graft. The same is true of lawyers, always excepting the honorable and noble exceptions. Many a lawyer is not willing to wait, to use the first few years after leaving college for the purpose of studying and building up knowledge against the day it will be needed. No; he resorts to undignified and cheap practices, and proclaims himself, not Mr. Justice-Helper, but Mr. Oily Tongue, so that he may sooner get that which seems profitable.

The same is true of journalists, again excluding the honorable and worthy exceptions. Journalism was one of the noble callings and high professions when I was a lad. The journalist, of all men, has a means of immediate appeal to myriads, can turn the attention of masses of men, and guide their opinions, as few others can. But that man is simple indeed who believes that many a newspaper today is more than a personal organ or a rather good dividend-paying investment. I again exclude the honorable exceptions. There is power in the high-minded press that can produce a tremendous force in upbuilding the moral judgment of the nation.

But only too often we see the journalist prostituting himself, rejecting the noble offer of his high opportunity, falling on the high path, and becoming a Mr. Trimmer, assuring himself that it is wise to do what pays.

The same is true of the pulpit. There is no calling under the sun that offers greater and nobler opportunities for a man to serve the highest causes than the ministry. I know of no occupation that affords more splendid occasion for serving God and man than the pulpit. But many men tire of the pulpit, often preferring to seek less prominent places and to use their energies in other directions, chiefly because of the disappointments which come from the so-called "best people" in the community. The clergyman appeals for justice and equity. He appeals for righteousness, and the appeal is answered so often by those who support him most, "You had better be careful or you will bankrupt the congregation. It pays," they say, "for a man sometimes to modify his words. It is right for the man who is working at the forge of human life to take his sledge-hammer and bring it forcibly down upon the anvil; but it pays," they say, "for him to be very careful that the hammer or anvil has a rubber covering, lest his words ring too true and loud."

I am pleading against the extreme to which men go, for the end of some of these is death. There are investments which seem to pay, yet do not in the long run. We are living in an age in which it is popular to look for dollars and pleasures. Look at the average man! See the object to which he is most devoted! Will you not find that it is either the god with the threefold manifestation, gold, silver and copper, or the god of pleasure? I do not wish to lead you to believe that there is in my mind, or that there ever has been, any objection to wealth or pleasure. Men must have their pastimes and pleasures; but these should be of an elevating, not a debasing, order. We are not living for a day, a month, a year. We live in time, for many years; and we ought to strive to live for many years after we are dead.

* * * * * *

In the last analysis man is a conscience incarnate, and in the final day that will come to every one of us; sooner or later there will be nothing that will cheer us but the knowledge that we have done that which conscience dictated. On this earth there is really only one society, that of "the noble living and the noble dead." And there is nothing more worth while than that a man shall endeavor to enter the company of the noble living while here, so that he may deserve the company of the noble dead when he goes yonder. Truth, right, justice, honesty, duty, kindness, love, these are eternal; 6 per cent is only ephemeral. There are men who have lived and who have left behind them no fortune. There are men who have lived whose fortunes brought misfortunes. There are men who have lived who had nothing but self, and this they gave away; yet they earned for themselves a name and a fame better than sons and daughters, better than gold and precious stones.

You ask me to come into the practical world of life and to leave this realm of the ideal. You ask me to answer the question, "What would you have us do? We have to work for our livelihood, some more, some less. We have to provide ourselves with food and clothing. We must toil for our children. What would you have us do?" In the first place, I would like to see every man and woman devote a little time to self-improvement. We are none of us so good and so clever, and none of us know so much, but we can improve ourselves. When a man and woman have added to this world one creature striving for the good they have done much.

I should like to see parents make homes for their children, not houses. Money can get houses; it requires parents to make homes. I should like to see that they strive with their children to take out some of the selfishness, some of the self-indulgence, some of the self-gratification, which our children inherit from the animal side of our nature. In a word, taking a family as a unit of society, I should like to see each family striving for the things that are worth while, striving to make the individuals in the home better, better today than yesterday, better tomorrow than today.

I should like to see them come in contact, through prayer and reading, with the most beautiful thoughts that have been expressed by man. I should like to see in each home a few pictures concerning which the child would ask, "What mean these?" There should be pictures of the world's martyrs, contact with whose lofty spirits will inspire the child's soul. There are diseases the cure for which is the air in high altitudes. Men are ordered to the top of the mountain for rare atmosphere as a means of cure. Our children have moral and mental sicknesses which will be cured by endeavoring to reach the lofty heights attained by these men and women, the saints and saviors of society.

Granting that these domestic duties have been attended to; granting that our obligations in this respect have been met, I ask each man and woman, striving to take heaven with them into the beyond, to take some one with them, and not to go there alone. It will be a very lonely path to tread alone. Take a child with you! Take a man with you! Lead a woman by the hand with you, a woman you have helped, whom you have saved, whom you have recreated spiritually. There are tens of thousands of people in the city of Pittsburg today pleading for you to put out a hand to them. If our brother of Nazareth is so approved by modern society, even though he is not imitated as he should be, it is because he put out his hand and lifted men up. If our master Moses is enshrined in the human heart, even though his law is not obeyed as it should be, it is because he said, "God, let me die for my people." Take another soul to heaven along with you! You will feel all the better and happier for it.

CORRESPONDENCE

To UNITY:

The past weeks at the Meadville Theological School have been marked by more than one event of interest to UNITY's readers. Our succession of lecturers has been as constant and as stimulating as usual. Frederick C. Howe, of Cleveland, author of "The British City" and other valuable sociological studies, outlined, persuasively and with ardor, "What the City May Do for Its Citizens," as lecturer on the Adin Ballou foundation. His portrayal of our municipal life as really a household, and its vexed questions as really domestic problems, was suggestive in many directions. Our task is clearly seen to be the making of a family home out of a "fortuitous collection of houses." Every contribution to the working out of this task is a service which deserves our highest gratitude.

Memorable among the experiences of this school year will remain the Ballou lectures of Professor George A. Coe, of Northwestern University. Professor Coe needs no introduction to the readers of UNITY, nor any words of praise. His lectures here dealt with a vital theme which is very near our heart, that of "Religious Education," and discussed the relations of Mysticism and Pragmatism to moral and spiritual training. The presentation of Pragmatism was, in particular, a masterpiece of just and balanced discussion. Rarely have the appeal and charm and value of this increasingly influential movement of thought been more powerfully and winningly set forth, but rarely also have the deeper questions, which demand of the pragmatic method an answer, been more clearly recognized or more searchingly put. Every reader of this notice should watch eagerly for Professor Coe's next volume, if perchance these notable addresses be there published.

Our Shaw lecture on Biblical Literature came, contrary to the usual custom, during our first semester, and was delivered by Dr. Frederick Jones Bliss, of Beyrut, who spoke out of many years' experience, on "Excavations in Palestine." The lecture was illustrated by excellent slides showing the actual work which Dr. Bliss and his companions had done in tracing the ancient walls and city limits of Jerusalem.

Our second semester began February first, with a somewhat enlarged curriculum, and a definite adoption of the elective system of courses. Four students entered at the beginning of this half-year, two of whom are graduate students, who come to us from Congregational pulpits. The demand made upon us constantly by the churches, to supply them with trained ministers, we can only answer by a counter-demand upon the churches to send us trained men whom we can equip as ministers. Every minister owes it as a duty to his fellowship that the claims of the ministry of religion are at least brought to the attention of every young man in his parish who is graduating from college.

Mention must be made here of a sad loss sustained by the school in the death of Miss Elizabeth Huidekoper, our life-long friend and benefactor. For seventeen years she had been the president of our board of trustees, but since the foundation of the school by her father and brothers, she had been constant in her interest and kindliness. A half-century of students rise to call her memory blessed; to every one she had been a personal friend. For years the oversight of Divinity Hall had been her personal care, and its comfort and attractiveness were in largest measure due to her thoughtful kindness. She was also a generous contributor to the resources of the school in many other ways, notably in the erection of our Huidekoper Library and in the gift of two houses occupied as professors' homes. On Wednesday evening, February 5, a service in her memory was conducted by the faculty in Divinity Chapel. Among the tributes there presented was a heartfelt word from the senior editor of UNITY, who, in voicing his own grief and affection, spoke for many graduates of the school, in every part of the land.

C. R. B.

Meadville, Pa.

EDITOR UNITY,
Chicago, Ill.

The problem of "What Shall We Do with Our Boys," to which you recently referred editorially, would be largely solved if there were free or easy access to small plots near large cities. City bred boys are not fitted for real farm life, far out in the country, when they would take readily to truck farming near large centres. Country boys often leave the farm, as Bolton Hall points out in his "Three Acres and Liberty," because they work hard and have no share in the profits. It is not so much that American boys object to hard work, as they object to receiving no return upon their labor. By the old methods of farming, work is never done, hours are longer than in any other line of work and returns smaller.

If the modern intensive methods were followed and the boys given a share in the profits as well as the labor, farmers might tell a different story.

E. N. MURRAY.

56 Pine Street, New York.

Work-a-Day Faith

Dost wonder, seeing Hope accorded place
Among the holy three,
Deeming she wrought with her buxom face
Her white-robed company?

Hope is Faith's very self in common weed
And work-a-day employ,
Who, while she bustleth o'er some household need,
Singeth for heart's own joy.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

Books Received

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:
"Princess Nadine." By Christian Reid. 340 pages. Price, $1.50, net.
"The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." By Kirsopp Lake, M. A. 291 pages. Price, $1.50, net.
"The Apologetic of the New Testament." By E. F. Scott, M. A. 258 pages. Price, $1.50, net.
"The Prolongation of Life." By Elie Metchnikoff. 343 pages. Price, $2.50, net.
"Through Italy With Car and Camera." By Dan Fellows Platt. 486 pages. Price, $5, net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS:
"The Psychology of Inspiration." By George Lansing Raymond. 340 pages. Price, $1.40, net.

D. APPLETON & CO:
"Evolution and Animal Life." By David Starr Jordan and Vernon Lyman Kellogg. 489 pages.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:
"National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature." By Edmund Dale, M. A., D. Litt. 337 pages. Price 8 shillings, net.
"The Wisdom of the Wise." By W. Cunningham, D. D., T. B. A. 125 pages. Price, 2 shillings, net.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, PUBLISHER:
"Anarchism." By Dr. Paul Eltzbacher. Translated by Stephen T. Byington. 309 pages. Price, $1.27.
"The Sanity of Art." By Bernard Shaw. 113 pages.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY:
"Avesta Eschatology Compared With the Books of Daniel and Revelations." By Lawrence H. Mills. 85 pages.
"The Messianiac Hope of the Samaritans." By Jacob, son of Aaron. Edited by William Eleazar Barton. 36 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

"Square Deal" Again.

Evidence of President Roosevelt's consistent adherence to his "square deal" policy may be seen in his attitude towards the claim of the Southern Pacific on the government for moneys spent in closing the gap in the Colorado River late in 1906. It will be recalled that the California Development Company, which is said to be a corporation controlled by the Southern Pacific, did the work which prevented the inundation of the Imperial Valley in southern California at the time referred to. Because the President has stated to certain California congressmen that in his opinion the claim for reimbursement is just, the House Committee on Claims is preparing to consider the bill, which calls for an appropriation of more than $1,600,000, to cover the Harriman company's expenditures.

Judge Ball's Decision.

Another Harriman victory was recorded last week Thursday, when Judge Ball, of the Superior Court in Chicago, allowed the motion to dissolve the injunction which restrained the Union Pacific and the Railroad Securities Company from voting 281,231 shares of Illinois Central stock at the coming annual meeting of the latter corporation March 2. Judge Ball had evidently given the matter the most thorough consideration, for his opinion was technically exhaustive. It does away with Mr. Fish's hopes to regain control of the Illinois Central, and furthermore establishes a most important legal precedent on the much mooted question as to the rights of corporations to hold or own stock in other corporations. Judge Ball holds that this right exists, and that it is not forbidden by the statutes or the Supreme Court decisions of Illinois, nor contrary to public policy. Mr. Fish acknowledges his defeat, but may appeal.

Poor Milk for the Poor.

Professor Trueman, of the University of Illinois, has been making an investigation in the city of Chicago of the milk supply. His findings are of interest. He reports that the residence districts are receiving, generally speaking, milk that is clean and up to the legal standard. But in the poorer quarters of the city unscrupulous dealers are skimming the milk before delivery and in many cases substituting water for the cream removed. He adds that up to the present the city inspection has been insufficient to counterbalance the temptation thus to defraud innocent purchasers, whose poverty compels them to patronize these petty dealers.

The "Postage Stamp Bidder."

Another instance of "high finance," which calls for and is receiving the severest condemnation from all quarters, came to light last week, when the newspapers published the jubilant account of Abraham White, in which White explained how he made good in his scheme to secure an allotment of the last issue of New York City municipal bonds, under false pretences. White is notorious for several coups of a similar sort which he has executed in the past. He is a roving, unprincipled financier, one of those operators who are seeking to make something for nothing, and who frequently succeed by virtue of their daring and cunning.

The Pacific Fleet.

The warmest welcome yet received by the great American fleet, which is just completing its circumnavigation of South America, was at Callao, Peru, if newspaper reports of the occasion are to be taken seriously. The fleet arrived at Callao on the 20th inst., to find the people enjoying a holiday and out en masse to greet the stars and stripes. The manifestations of good feeling and enthusiasm on the part of the Peruvians were apparently genuine and spontaneous. Preparations for entertaining the officers and men of the fleet on a grand scale had been long under way, and at present writing our fighting representatives are in a whirl of social gayety. Admiral Evans is reported to be too ill to participate in the festivities in person.

The Lincoln Memorial.

A movement which we hope will be an universal one in these United States is in progress. It is a movement to celebrate in fitting manner the one hundredth anniversary, in February, 1909, of Abraham Lincoln's birth. In Chicago an organization was perfected recently for the purpose of outlining and carrying out such plans as will best fulfil the object in view. It is proposed to make the occasion an international epoch, to erect a great memorial building, which shall be a temple of patriotism, and to hold a celebration that shall bring thousands of patriotic American citizens to the state which properly claims Lincoln as its own. There may never be again just such an opportunity as this century will afford for a grand demonstration of that loyalty to freedom and unity which every true American citizen feels in his heart, and of which Lincoln was the greatest exponent. It is to be hoped that Chicago will receive the hearty cooperation of every community in the country.

Governor Hughes in Chicago.

Governor Hughes, of New York, was the guest of Chicago last Saturday, Washington's birthday. His speeches, morning, afternoon and evening, were characteristic of the man as we have come to know him, and added something of weight to the political and patriotic discussion which both the occasion and the speaker naturally suggested.

New Tunnel in New York.

The days of the ferry boat in New York are probably numbered. On Tuesday of this week the first of the submarine tunnels connecting New York at Morton street with Hoboken was opened to public, passenger traffic. This tunnel, known as the McAdoo tunnel, consists of two tubes, in which eight car trains will be run, electrically propelled.

New York to Paris via Siberia.

Doubtless many people, who do not count themselves as members of that esoteric circle known as the sparking fraternity, are following with some interest the adventures of the hardy automobilists who this week limped into Chicago after a long fight with the Indiana snow drifts. Three or four foreign cars and one American car are on their way from New York to Paris by way of Alaska and Siberia. The race is one of those endurance contests, the expense of which in money, time and energy seems to many people a mere waste. But, after all, there is something heroic about such enterprises that always wins popular admiration if not approval. An alleged interview with the veteran Captain Hanson, who commands the French car, furnishes one with some idea of what an auto trip through Siberia means. If conditions there are as Captain Hanson says, it looks very doubtful to a layman whether any of the crews or their machines can ever get through to Paris.

Professor Shorey and the Press.

A recently published article on some of the educational ideals of Plato, written by Prof. Paul Shorey, of the University of Chicago, has been the subject of misinterpretation and unwarranted comment on the part of the press, both in Chicago and New York. The newspapers laid undue emphasis upon what was an eminently fair and just statement of fact, uttered without rancor and in a spirit of kindly criticism. The local papers read into the statement an evident desire on the part of Professor Shorey to calumniate the city of Chicago, a desire that did not exist as a matter of fact, and which, in the writer's opinion, cannot be inferred at all from the statement in question. The Chicago papers were within their rights if they chose to make a misinterpretation the subject for editorial screeds; but the New York paper which printed a garbled account and inserted besides as Professor Shorey's own words words that he did not write in the article at all, is open not only to censure but to a suit for libel as well. Professor Shorey, however, is known in the circles of the elect too well. Newspaper imaginings cannot injure him.

P. S. W.

Fate?

A poet with eyes like the stars at night
Walked where the lilies bloomed, tall and white;

Men said he had genius, the words from his pen
Brought thoughts high and pure to their bosoms again;

And today seemed his cup of joy full to the brim,
For he knew that the woman he loved loved him,—

Like a vision life's scroll unrolled to his gaze
As he thought of the work that should hallow his days.

In the pathway, a little brown snake raised its head—
Poised, struck—but an hour and the poet was dead.

Gone all the bright promise because he should pass
Where a little brown snake lay hid in the grass.

Oh tell me, ye wise ones, who clearer can see,
What law had been broken, *or was it to be?*

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?
REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir: I was much interested in the reply signed C. A. O. to the question Bolton Hall raised in your issue of February 13, "The exports of this nation last year amounted to $2,000,000,000, the imports $1,500,000,000," that "in view of the fact that we have sent away several hundred millions more gold and silver than we have imported in the last hundred years is it not very alarming to find that our exports for a single year now exceed the imports by $500,000,000?"

In C. A. O.'s answer he asks, "May we not rejoice that the rest of the world buys (and pays us for) some $500,000,000 worth of our products over and above the total we buy of them?"

Your answer does not satisfy me. I would like to know what the rest of the world pays us in, if at the same time that we are exporting $500,000,000 more than we are importing, we are also exporting more gold and silver than we are importing. For them to pay us for this we should receive $500,000,000 more of something in the total. If it is not in gold and silver, what is it in? Yours very truly,

New York City. WILLIAM RYAN.

The writer bears witness to the courtesy and kindliness of three different correspondents on the above question, but still feels he only intended to report as an item of news that this nation produces such an enormous harvest on its fields and in its mines and factories that it has in large measure become the granary of the world. This general fact has not been questioned by any correspondent, but the other and exceedingly interesting inquiry, whether in spite of the fact that last year we exported many millions more produce than we imported, still our supply of cash has decreased, is a point at issue. Frankly I do not know whether this is true or not, and some inquiry has not elicited a conclusive answer. Some do not hesitate to deny the assertion or implication of Mr. Bolton Hall, and all the evidence at hand seems to indicate that ours is a creditor nation, that our wealth and resources are increasing enormously. If there is any evidence of coming bankruptcy it is not patent to the common observer. To be sure our possessions may be in the form of merchandise rather than gold. One friend of UNITY acknowledged the other day he would need to borrow a million dollars to fill his elevators with grain; but even so he is not threatened with insolvency. Our shops and factories as well as our mines and farms, are supplying the needs of the world, and barring a money stringency, which we are told is only a matter of needed currency reform, we seem to be able to get gold sufficient for our needs. There are enormous investments of foreign capital on which interest and dividends must be paid to Europe, but the business of the world is done on credit, and the man whose commercial enterprise enables him to earn large dividends on its capital—his own or another's—is not rushing toward a receivership. Where is the fly in our ointment that we may not, in modesty and with thanksgiving, rejoice? C. A. O.

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund.

(Continued from last week.)

Henry Crane, Janesville, Wis. (Paid.)
Mrs. M. B. Chambers, Philadelphia, Pa. (Paid.)
Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago.
Rev. R. Heber Newton, Hampton Terrace, Augusta, Ga. (1⅔x30.) (Paid.)
Miss Katherine Colvin, Chicago. (3⅓x30.)
James Harris, Janesville, Wis. (3⅓x30.) (Paid.)
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Chicago.
Received from two others in smaller sums $20.

From Janesville, Wis. Enclosed please find draft for $30. This is hoping we will continue to see UNITY once a week, as we have done for the last thirty years.

From a Settlement Worker. I am sorry I have neglected sending you my subscription so long. I enclose the amount herewith and trust UNITY may live long and send forth strong, cheerful and living religious truth without respect to persons and uphold the banner of unity and the gospel of love and service as the real highway to heaven.

From Jamestown, R. I. As long as UNITY is published, and I am able to read, you may count on me as a subscriber.

From a Unitarian Minister in Iowa. Dear, Brave UNITY: I enclose my $2 to pay for your valued visits another year and wish you prosperity and long, long life.

From Aurora, Neb. Herewith order for one year, $2. UNITY is the most interesting and helpful publication that comes to our table. Hope to be able to do more than this in future.

From a Rabbi. It is a real pleasure to give my $30 to the Endowment Fund for the perpetuation of UNITY's noble message to the world.

From Janesville, Wis. Enclosed find Chicago draft for $100 for the Endowment Fund. I think you have wondered why you did not hear from me. I think I know, however, that you would not think I had deserted you. I get in the regiment before the first of March, and hope the "Thirtieth" will be full at that date. If not I know you will keep right on until you get all the recruits and UNITY will "go ahead."

From an Ever Loyal Friend, August, Ga. I enclose a check for UNITY, with my love and dearest hope that you will pull out of the present hole. It will be an everlasting shame if you do not. But you will!

Jim and the Universe

Yes, all men knew who talked with him,
The Universe was bothering Jim.

He looked through many books to find
For what the cosmos was designed,
How it was made when time begun,
And what 'twas good for when 'twas done.
Through old black letter scrolls he waded,
The schoolmen's folios he invaded.

He wished to be equipped to say
What we are here for, anyway,
Just what the cosmos is about,
And learn the things you can't find out.
And all men knew who talked with him,
The Universe was bothering Jim.

Weighed down with metaphysic doubt,
Jim in his orchard wandered out;
The blooms had drank the wine of May
And quaffed the freshness of the day;
The fragrance that the west wind blew
Showed the old earth was good as new;
Beneath a tree down settled Jim
And let the spring soak into him.

There is a dust in library nooks
Blown from the musty leaves of books,
That blinds the lean scholastic's eyes,
And makes him learnedly unwise.
Would you be wise, go out of doors,
And just intult through the pores;
For these white blooms and these blue skies
Were sent to make dull bookmen wise.

So while he drank the vernal day,
Jim lost his cosmical dismay,
Forgot his metaphysic mist,
And felt 'twas glorious to exist.
The sun baked in through Jim's hard skull
A glad sense of the beautiful.
He felt, while apple-blossoms fell,
The universe was fairly well.
And, though it couldn't be understood,
Upon the whole 'twas mainly good.
"I've found, beneath this apple tree,
The cosmos is all right," said he.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

A SWISS INVESTIGATOR AND HIS NOVEL LINE OF RESEARCH.—Many weeks ago there came quite unannounced to my desk a copy of *Le Semainelittéraire* containing a notice, with portrait, of a unique work just published in Geneva. The portrait, by that well-known artist in photography, Mr. Fred Boissonnas, showed the author of the work discussed, sitting pen in hand at his writing table and looking up with smiling mouth and friendly eyes as if to respond to the reader's salutation. It was not a youthful face for the furrowed brow and snowy hair and beard told of years of chastening experiences, but it was such a refined, gentle, genial, sunny face, that it seemed the man must speak, and one learned with a keen pang of sympathy, as I afterward did, that those kind eyes could not see us now, if we should call on him, for Mr. Briquet is entirely blind. When I tell you what his work has been you will not wonder.

Did you ever give any thought or study to the subject of watermarks, those translucent designs that we sometimes discover with passing interest when we hold a sheet of letter paper up to the light? The French call them *filigranes* (filigree work) from the fact, I suppose, that they are the impression made in the soft paper pulp of a design outlined in bent brass wire. They are little more than a fancy touch or a matter of advertising now, but time was when they were almost obligatory and the old watermarks form as definite a means of determining the place, date and origin of old paper products as in ceramics, the potter's marks to which connoisseurs attach so much importance, or as the "hall-marks" on old plate. It will be readily seen, however, that the difficulty of studying them is far greater. Yet it is to just this study that Mr. C. M. Briquet has devoted twenty-five years of his life. He was not the first to give some attention to the subject, but no other has had the patience and perseverance to pursue it with such thoroughness and devotion.

His work, published last fall in Geneva, bears this title: *Les filigranes. Dictionnaire historique des marques du papier, dès leur apparition vers* 1282 *jusqu'en* 1600, *avec* 39 *figures dans le texte et* 16,112 *fac-similés de filigranes.* It comprises four great quarto volumes.

How did he come to undertake it? Ah! there come in some of the romance and poetry of family stability and hereditary interests that we in hustling, bustling, commercial, and yet nomadic, America have hardly yet begun to dream of. The brief dedication tells the story; it reads (anglicised): "To the honor of the book industries (paper-making, printing, binding and book-selling) practiced in my family since 1687, at Chalons-sur-Marne and in Geneva, by seven successive generations."

Mr. Briquet began with a desire to determine the sources of supply for the paper used by certain early Swiss printers, but he soon found that nothing satisfactory could be accomplished from a point of view so limited. In the interesting preface he tells how the field of his investigations was gradually enlarged till it covered the libraries and archives of France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium and the Netherlands. During these twenty-five years he has examined, often leaf by leaf 30,840 volumes, registers and note books, to say nothing of 1,432 boxes, portfolios, files and bundles of separate papers, and has collected therefrom over 44,000 tracings of watermarks.

In an extended introduction Mr. Briquet explains the methods adopted for classifying and sifting this great mass of material. His scrupulously exact facsimiles have been grouped in a clear and practical manner, which with the accompanying data as to subject, date and source, makes it possible for any one having an undated or doubtful book, print or document of any sort, bearing a watermark, to go to this Dictionary and determine if not with absolute accuracy, at least with a close approximation thereto, what is its age and origin. By way of illustration it may be noted that with this aid another Swiss savant has already proven conclusively, in the *Anzeiger für Schweizerische Geschichte,* no. 3, 1907, which is the oldest copy of the Chronicle of Justinger, a question which the archivist-paleographers had heretofore been unable to determine.

It is evident, then, that Mr. Briquet has supplied historical criticism with a new and most valuable means of solving many problems, and one that will make the forging of it literary, historical and artistic documents much more difficult. Nor is this all! Archaelogists and antiquarians will find in this collection unexpected evidence as to the utensils, tools, arms, etc., of the period covered and it will be a suggestive storehouse for the artist and the designer.

One could scarcely imagine what a motley collection it is, ranging from the religious symbols such as the Pascal lamb, the handkerchief of St. Veronica, the pope with his tiara, saints, angels and the virgin, through the whole fantastic menagerie of medieval monsters, to astronomic signs, weapons, tools, armorial bearings, and letters of the alphabet either singly or in combination. Learning that the John Crerar library had already ordered a copy of this monumental work, I awaited its arrival, that I might see it for myself before describing it to you. I now invite all to whom it appeals to come and examine it for themselves. No one having done so will wonder that Mr. Briquet has lost his sight, but all will rejoice with him that before it went, he could have the satisfaction of knowing that his great work was completed. M. E. H.

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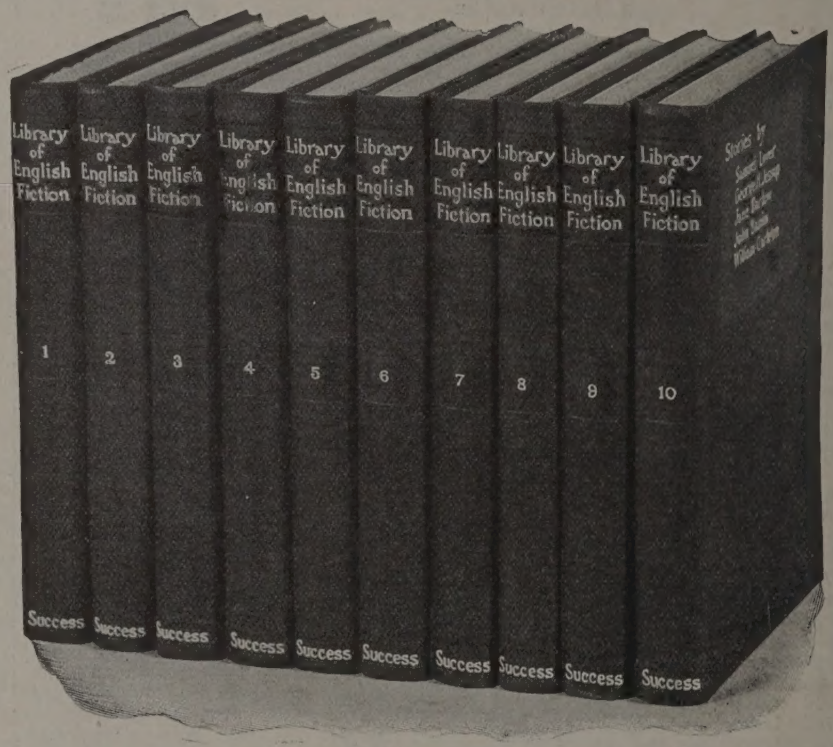

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